



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

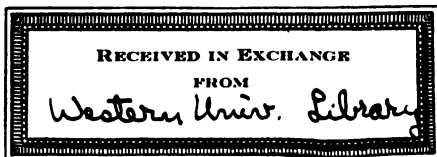
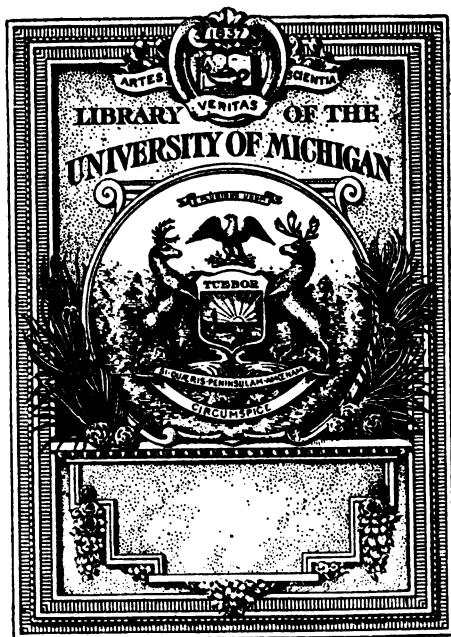
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

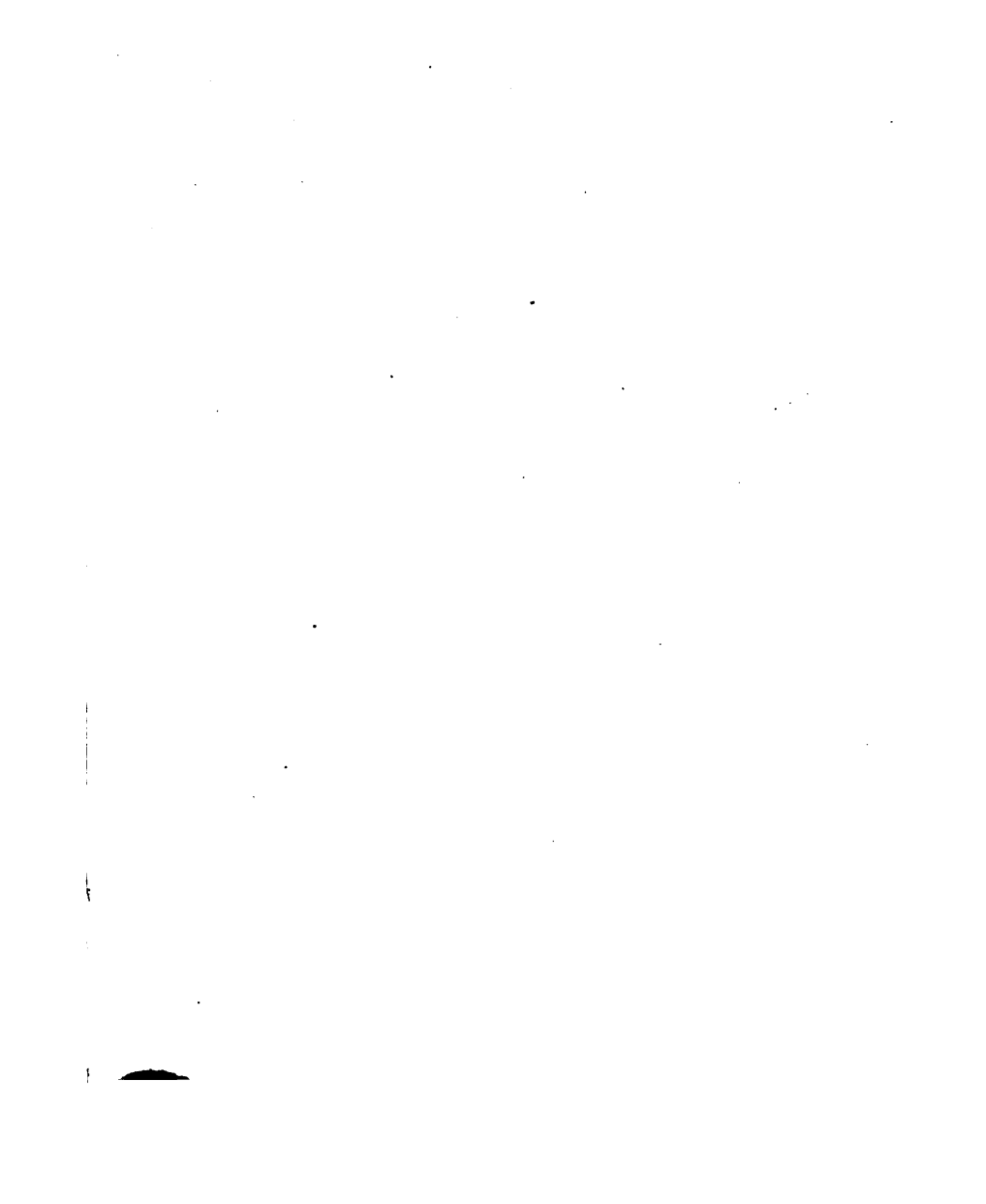
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



828
J 2713d



DOMINION DAY,
CHARACTACUS;
MALCOLM AND MARGARET.
BY
POEMS,

BY
THE REV. AENEAS McDONELL DAWSON,

L. L. D.; F. R. S.

OTTAWA:

C. W. MITCHELL, PRINTER, FREE PRESS OFFICE, ELGIN STREET.

1886

24

LC 1-31-25807

Western Univ. Lib.

24.
6-18-1924

PREFACE.

However inconsiderable a work may be, it is customary to honor it with a word of preface.

Let it be observed, therefore, that there is no exaggeration in the high qualities ascribed in the following lines, to Caractacus, the heroic, but ill-fated defender of British liberty.

In "Malcolm and Margaret" it is stated, without violence to history, that, according to popular belief, the usurping King, Macbeth, possessed a charmed life. Shakspeare, in his admirable tragedy of "Macbeth," has so familiarized us with this idea, that what is said of it in the Poem, will not have the appearance of mere fiction.

The portrayal of a King and Queen of Scotland, in the eleventh century, as very noble and exalted characters, will be no surprise to those who have studied the history of Celtic Malcolm and his Saxon consort.

A re-print of the Ode for Dominion Day, will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable, considering that it was so well received when first published, some years ago.

OTTAWA, 1886.



FOR

DOMINION DAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Genius of Canada mourning in her solitary haunts on the banks of the Ottawa. Consolation is offered to her. A council of chiefs is called from which the greatest results are anticipated. But evil passions interfere; factions and parties arise. The white man comes. The wigwams of the Aborigenes are seen near his dwellings. This picture of peace comforts the guardian spirit. She experiences still greater joy on beholding the prosperity of the country, the harmony of its races, and its more recent developments.

O saddest lot !
 In lonely grot,
 Bound by unholy spell
 Cheerless ever to dwell !

Thou mournest, hapless sprite,
 Wrapped in thy misty pall.
 Nought can thy soul delight
 Lone by the melancholy waterfall.
 The pines around,
 The weeping skies,
 The dull cold swampy ground
 And caverns dark e'er greet thine eyes.
 The moaning wind and hissing wave,
 Of spectres dread the hollow groans
 That echo as o'er nature's grave,
 Of Goblins fell the dismal tones,
 The whirling demon-pool that yawns [*]

(*) A fearful whirlpool near the Chaudiere falls, not inappropriately denominated the "Devil's Hole," into which a considerable portion of the waters of the Ottawa are seen to rush without any visible outlet.

Aye thirsting, panting for its prey,—
That Stygian tide o'er which ne'er dawns
The cheering light of rising day :—
What awful sounds thine ears assail,
O, genius of the forest land !
No marvel if thy solemn wail
Thine Ottawa's echoes all command !
Yet cheer thee, solitary Sprite !
An aged Chief, in council sage,
Thine eyes shall see. Ere dawning light,
Each warrior shall his care engage
O'er hardiest braves that long has borne,
In forests wild, unquestioned sway,
From Manitoulin's woods unshorn,
To billows of the " Salt Lake " spray.
Ah ! hope not that the weary sprite
In sagest council shall delight,
Lo ! promptly round the Chieftain strong,
Crowd counsellors, a motley throng,
Each passion o'er his dauntless soul,

Claims for itself unique control,
First envy seeks her empire to secure,
"Divide and Rule," have sages said,
This maxim envy plies—her task is sure,
Dissension o'er the wigwam's spread.

Ambition next her towering head uprears.
Mad faction tears the grave Divan;
Considerate counsel there no more appears,
Each growling party for its man.

In anger frowns the Chief, from blood shot eyes
Fierce lightning's dart ;—the throng recoils ;
But wrathful soon, its anger's torrents rise ;
The Council all with fury boils.

"Revenge ! revenge ! the haughty Chieftains cry ;
"Revenge ! above the torrent's roar,
They louder yell ; 'tis watchword and reply ;
"Revenge ! " Revenge ! " o'er Ottawa's shore.

O ! Peri sprite! can nought the tempest still ?

Bid music's sound

Aloud resound !

It conquered Saul

And soothed his soul

When flew the dart

In fury to the shepherd's heart.

Soft pity to infuse,

Invoke the tuneful muse.

The Persian victor owned its power ;

To sorrow moved, his fury o'er,

Stern fortune's fitful mood he mourned,

His burning rage to sighs he turned,

And grieving o'er man's ills below,

The gushing tears began to flow.

Sing Peri, sing

Sweet peace and hope and mercy's power.

Bid forests ring,

And o'er the boiling wave,

Diffuse the soothing strain ;
The song of hope shall save,
When powerless all beside
To stem wild passion's tide.

O, for Timotheus' strain !
Or thine, Cecilia divine !
In holiest rapture's vein,
In harmony sublime,
Let both combine,
The spheres conjoin,
As echo to the cascade's chime
Thy tones, divinest maid,
That "drew an angel down."
Or thine, upon the sounding lyre that made
Those master lays that mortals bore
In ecstasy to Heaven !
In songs all new be given
Oh hill and plain,
Hope's cheering strain !

Lo, in ecstatic measures,
Tells she of promised pleasures !

Touched by her magic hand, the chords resound ;
Louder and louder still she pours along
Her sweetest notes ; the caverns echo round ;
The charmed dryads, warble to the song ;
Earth's loveliest scenes the entrancing music hail,
And vocal are the woods, the hills, the vale.
Now, as her softest, holiest themes she chose,
Were heard responsive, murmuring at each close,
Celestial voices round the listening shore.
"Let joy prevail ! be hate and war no more."
The choral Naiads sang. The red man smiled,
His soul with pleasure thrilled, and he threw down
His gory tomahawk ! No more defiled
Shall be his hand to seek in blood the victor crown.

Seeks choice delight
A traveller wight.

From distant clime
Earnest he roams
Charmed with the chime
Of the rushing tide that foams
Through varied scenes and new.
By Ottawa's shelving shore,
Bursts on his gladdened view,
Men's happiest homes before,
The wigwam's curling smoke,
What rapture to his soul the scene !
Is this the conquered red man's yoke
Free as the winds to roam through forests green ?

'Tis even so. And thus 'twill ever be
So long as o'er the heaving Ocean wave,
Britannia's flag shall bravely float and free.
The favored Indian prays : "Our Mother save"
'Neath his roof of the sweetest summer leaves,
With a heart as leal as the bravest chief

That ever bore a Briton's sword ; nor grieves
 O'er his altered lot, aye light, as the leaf
 His bounding step, as he fearlessly roams
 In his native woods, 'mid the white men's homes.

Well may thy Genius, Canada, rejoice,
 Peace like to thine ne'er yet to men was known,
 Still flows thy fortune's tide, thy noblest choice
 Fair freedom still ; nor freedom's gift alone,
 Fired not by lust of conquest—pride of power,
 Thy people bold with philanthropic will,
 Their enterprise extend the world out o'er,
 Right glad to mitigate the sum of ill.
 The Nations meet thee with an equal soul ;
 Their richest trade ships press around thy shores,
 And far beyond the raging main's control,
 The wealth of worlds out-pour in boundless stores.

"O, happiest lot!" the exultant Peri cries,
 " Lo! more than e'er I dreamed, I now behold ;

O, blest the most of all beneath the skies?
Peace, Freedom yours, and happiness untold!
O! to the latest hour of changeful time
May gracious Heaven this era bright prolong!"
So prays the red man, too, unstained by crime;
Ardent he prays, and thankful pours the song.

"Such tranquil days Gods only can bestow,
Thanks ever to the Christian's Manitou!
Benign Victoria's rule dispels all fears,
Be ours this happiness to latest years!
The CONSTITUTION FREE our firmest stay,
Late may our MOTHER GREAT to realms of day
Honored return; above her spirit flown,
Be Freedom, Peace and Plenty still our own,
Britannia's guardian mantle o'er us thrown!"

CARACTACUS,

THE BRITISH HERO.

Read before the Royal Society at the annual meeting, held at Ottawa, on May 25th, 1886, by the Rev. Eneas McDonell Dawson, L.L.D., F.R.S.

In vain, proud Rome, to reach thy full blown pride,
Thou wad'st through blood. Now turned thy
fortune's tide.

Thine abject slave, Britannia no more,
Rides o'er the waves, defiant of thy power.
Undaunted valor once could not avail
The British host to save ; thine to prevail,
And trample down the bravest of the brave.
Caractacus ! thy strength and valor gave
To Roman might a check—most foul disgrace :
Yet fate forbade her glory to efface.
'Twas Rome's great destiny, the world all o'er,
To flaunt the banner of her withering power.
Oh ! for the heroes of the age to come !
Alfred ! Cœur de Lion ! Strike for your home !—

Your Briton's home ! For one heroic hour,
 Your arms of might extend—your conquering
 power !

Not yet, alas ! not yet is given to wave
 Your warrior sword, omnipotent to save.
 Oh ! Liberty ! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When patriot arms, sad fate ! availed no more
 From hostile blows to guard the British shore.
 For nine long years the hero toils in vain
 The valorous host of Rome to rend in twain.
 Now on the event of battle hangs the fate
 That long hath threat'ning lowered o'er Britain's
 State.

Firm posted on a rugged mountain's side,
 The British force, undaunted, will abide
 The shock of war. Advance the Roman powers,
 Fast on their serried ranks destruction showers,
 The well skilled archer. Hand to hand the strife;
 Nor casque nor breast-plate guards the Briton's life;*
 Hence bucklered Romans conquer in the fray,

* Apud quos nulla loricarum galearumve tegmina.—TACITUS.

So changed the fortune of that fateful day.
 Now on the Northern wave triumphant ride
 Rome's galley's, joying, as they gaily glide,
 O'er fallen Britannia's glory, war's rich spoils
 Their precious load, fruit of the soldiers' toils.
 In the grand ship where proudly kept his state
 The high Proconsul, 'twas no less the fate
 Of Britain's hero o'er the placid wave
 To ride secure. This meet occasion gave
 For varied converse. Much the talk of Rome;
 Nor less was said of the lost Briton's home.

OSTORIUS.

Ostorius thus: "Cease, Briton, to deplore
 Your altered lot, that you behold no more
 The vanquished land whose glory was your pride;
 'Neath brighter stars your fortune to abide.
 Fate, not our arms the final victory gave,
 When all your art, your much loved land to save,
 And matchless valor failed. By Gods alone,
 The Gods of happy Rome, our work was done.

CARACTACUS.

"Tell me not of Gods," the wise hero says,

“To one alone the British nation prays ;
His will it was that we should conquered fall,
Our doom accept, and be the Romans’ thrall.”

OSTORIUS.

“Deem not your lot as captive slave to be,
A citizen of Rome your destiny.
Well known to Romans all your warlike name.
In recognition of your lofty fame,
Senate, emperor and people will decree
Best honors of the State with liberty ;
And you’ll rejoice ’neath happier skies to stay,
With glory crowned, far from your land away,”

CARACTACUS.

“Naught ’o, Roman ! can my sad loss repair.
Rome’s hospitality. meanwhile, I’ll share
With grateful mind. Life freely you bestow
And liberty, and thus to captives show
How Rome’s magnanimous and can attract
To Rome’s alliance more than can exact
The force of arms. Hence, though rude war you’ll
wage,

The British all in friendship you'll engage."

OSTORIUS.

"Will grow the arts of peace; the new born day,
Improvement's day, will copiously repay
For all you've lost. With the sage Roman power,
Rome's work and skill, each new day, more and
more,
Will rapid spread, and, prosperous, your clime
Will far surpass the annals of all time."

CARACTACUS.

"To real improvement cordial I agree,
The fruitful source of greatness yet to be.
In arms and discipline you far excel,
Armour is yours, in war, that serves you well.
Such arts and weapons in each British home,
Britannia might vie with mighty Rome.
Your Gods we envy not, nor social ways,
Your Roman life impiety betrays,
Your num'rous Deities we ne'er can own,
The simple Briton bows to God alone.
Ægypt your jest. Gods in whose gardens grow!

Where'er a germ of life this earth can show,
As Ægypt deems, divinity there dwells,
More strange the myriad crowd that endless swells
The Roman heaven. Like noxious vermin swarm
Rome's Deities ; lost virtue hath no charm ;
Reigns vice triumphant, crime the Roman's pride
His glory all that mortals seek to hide.
Some war affect, its glory basely stain
With cruel deeds, and riot o'er the slain.
In days of peace your aims less noble still,
Gross joys of sense your hours of leisure fill.
Slaves, in abject mood, to fell tyrant power
You bend the supple knee, and, willing, cower
Such crooked ways you dare refinement name,
Whilst others deem you glory in your shame.
Your social system is a slavish state ;
The like to us would be a direful fate.
Liberty our glory, free rule our pride,
Rome's slavishness we never could abide.
The noblest of your nobles is a slave,
Abject, indeed, though bravest of the brave.
What though Patrician he be proudly named,

And conqueror in fields of war wide famed,
 Both life and liberty are at the feet
 Of tyrant power ; 'tis justice only meet
 The helpless pillars of despotic sway,
 Should moulder, thus, their wretched lives away.
 The slave pest in each homestead ever dwells ;
 The writhing slave in vain the master quells.
 Ne'er peace can be, where, robbed of all that's dear,
 Crushed mortals must a rigid tyrant fear.
 Pardon, great Roman, if so foul a blot
 With you to share, it never be our lot."

OSTORIUS.

" Your views of social life I'll not gainsay ;
 Yet behoves it we hold sovereign sway
 Our homes within. Our Gods have shewn their
 power
 In many a field, and still favours shower
 On happy Rome ; our noblest duty we conceive,
 The Gods to honor, in their power believe."

CARACTACUS.

" This worship superstition rank we deem,

Although to you so grand it ever seem.
To us are odious even the Roman's games,
Beasts of the forest studiously he tames,
That in the arena he behold them fight,
Each other tear, their pain the crowd's delight.
'Tis passing strange that pleasure should afford
Such scenes of wild beast strife, such mad discord
Of cruel mind the people we must deem,
Who see with joy the fatal gory stream,
As maddened tigers furiously rush,
Or elephants, their forest foes to crush.
Nor yet suffice such fights the thirst for blood
In Rome to quench ; must flow a richer flood,
Such free bestow the gladiator shows ;
A victim, felled by fratricidal blows,
There falls the warrior, born for honor's field,
His destiny the country's fame to shield.
To certain death each swordsman is consigned,
Whilst o'er his ruin thrills the cruel mind
With mad delight ; no hope to soothe his fate,
Despairing dies each victim of the State.
To crown his woe, a slave, in abject mood,

To the hard tyrant thirsting for his blood,
 He bows obsequious ; ere in death laid low,
 Cæsar, he hails, and waits the fateful blow.
 Such ways the free-born British mind appall,
 Romans, meanwhile, civilization call
 This barbarous social state, from which recoils
 Humanity. Wonder not warlike toils
 We've gladly met, the mighty power to stay,
 Such ills could bring, our liberty away."

OSTORIUS.

" Fear not, much though in warrior Rome avail
 Our favorite games, well known they'll not prevail
 In British land. War, ever, we must wage
 Our power to hold ; hence must our youth engage
 In combats fierce, lest in luxurious ease
 Our warriors sleep and war no more shall please.
 What though wild beasts in the arena strive ;
 Strive they in forest long as they're alive ;
 Their nature such ; no wrong, we must conceive,
 When fighting for our pleasure, they receive.
 You blame the gladiators' martial show,

When death ensues at every swordsman's blow.
 No ill in this can gladiators see,
 Battle and death the soldier's destiny.
 Such spectacles familiarize with strife,
 And trained are Roman youth to warlike life."

CARACTACUS.

" Too great the cost your empire to maintain ;
 You'd rather die, than cease o'er earth to reign.
 No such ambition ours ; on British soil
 In peace to live, improve, with constant toil,
 Our fertile fields, our thriving trade expand ;
 This the true glory of the British land.
 Rome, born for war, its lot I'll not gainsay ;
 But, why, on earth, such cruel narrow way,
 That Rome no generous tolerance can show
 To those who cannot, superstitious, bow
 To all the fabled Deities that crowd
 The Roman heaven. Such nation brings a cloud
 Of Gods all new, your gates are open thrown,
 And superstitious worship promptly shown.
 Some people, reasoning more, one God supreme

Make bold to honor ; too sublime the theme ;
The grand Philosophy you treat with scorn,
As if mankind your Gods to own were born.
Hence Jacob's race in dire contempt you hold,
And cruel persecute ; thus we behold
Efforts 'gainst reason made, but made in vain ;
Its still small voice gently prevades, amain,
The circling world ; powerful it is and strong,
Conquering as the great ages roll along.
What gain you, warring on Israel's race ?
You idly strive to check its prosperous pace,
It flourishes throughout the State of Rome,
There claiming, as of right, its proper home.
Britannia's boast, a purer worship ours,
Than rites that jealous guard the Roman powers.
To our convictions true, we fear not change ;
Let God be worshipped, rites, however strange,
We tolerate ; the Christian we allow,
And dread not other sects that 'midst us grow.
To the one Deity, as God alone,
By all within our land, is honor shown.
The rites, though varied, have no other aim

Than high to glorify the sovereign name,
 Our Brethren of the North with sage foresight,
 Have welcomed to their land the Christian light,
 And Druid temples wisely have been given
 That Northerns all may seek the Christian's
 heaven."

OSTORIUS.

"Just what we dread." The astute Ostorius claims,
 "Allow them once, rapid their growth, the names
 They'll soon efface of all the Gods of Rome.
 Such progress, you foretell, the age to come
 Will joyful see. Whatever yet may be,
 Rejoice we in our Gods and liberty."

CARACTACUS.

"Yet more; fast moving in advance of fate,
 The Christians' triumph you'll accelerate.
 Of Greece's sages you've the wisdom sought;
 Much lore has your own experience brought.
 'Tis strange you have not learned opinion's power
 May not be crushed, it reigns the Empire o'er.
 By force and torture long you've tried to stay

The Christian thought ; yet wider spreads its sway.
 In Rome scarce yet it's half a century old,
 And you must own, both firm and sure it's hold ;
 To root it from the land all power is vain ;
 The rushing tide to stem the more you strain,
 The more it speeds, like the wild ocean's swell,
 As onward driven by some resistless spell.
 With fire and sword you cease not to assail ;
 No effort known to state craft can avail.
 Where hostile weapons may not reach,
 Their new Philosophy the Christians preach ;
 Your homes it seeks, the palaces of Rome
 Its tribunes and its temples oft become.
 In every place, so great it's come to be,
 That you're constrained its marvellous growth to
 see.

“ *Christians to the lions !* ” your savage, cry ;
 In vain ; Christians your lion power defy.
 Of hundreds now to death the barb'rous fate ;
 Your butcheries new hundreds prompt create.
 Such cruelties must end the Roman sway ;
 Ev'n now, from Rome, in horror, turn away

The nations—her allies, sick at the sight
 Of persecution, heathen Rome's delight.
 Improvement, hastening with the march of time,
 The advancing world will rule from clime to clime.
 In days not distant far, 'twill be our lot
 To see effaced the foul disastrous blot,
 The worst that e'er the race of man disgraced,
 Rome's Empire on the verge of ruin placed."

OSTORIUS.

"Less cruel than your own the Roman State,
 To your best countrymen a direful fate,
 Heartless, you assign ; nor doth this suffice ;
 Worse still, the innocent you sacrifice ;
 Whilst Rome, more merciful, can only slay
 Such as offend the Gods, our surest stay."

CARACTACUS.

"Hold Roman ; foully you calumniate
 The salutary practice of our State.
 Whate'er to you both good and wise may seem,
 Criminals to punish most just we deem.
 All nations rightly doom to a like fate

Such as, deliberate offend the State,
Practice essential to the country's weal ;
Not so with sacred innocence we deal."
More still the hero would have sagely said,
When by a sudden gust his speech was staid.
Uncertain now the hard strained galleys ride,
Tossed on the wild waves of the Northern tide.
Louder and more loud the rude tempest's breath ;
Rush waves on waves, with danger fraught and
death ;

Furious the gale ; mad seas roll high and fast,
As if Rome's Demon Gods were in the blast.
Storm beaten, sore distressed, Ostorius' fleet
Is scattered far, no hope to ever meet.
At length subsides the troubled ocean's rage ;
Hasten the favoring genii to assuage
The elemental strife ; at once are still
The turbid waves, obedient to the will
Of sea controlling Neptune whose domain
The far spread waters of the foaming main.
And now the vessels near those noble straits,
The ancients named of Hercules the gates.

The storm's no more, and, grandly changed the
scene,

Gaily the galleys ride 'neath skies serene.
Nor winds nor waves the fleet of Rome assail,
The midland sea it ploughs with swelling sail.
An Island now is gained, amid the deep,
Whose wave beat rocky sides rise high and steep.
Joyful the toil-worn warriors seek repose,
And the tossed seamen at the first day's close.
Came, as he calmly slept, a vision bright,
Our hero's soul to cheer, a glorious sight ;
Britannia, in grand triumphal mood,
Before the astonished, dazzled Briton stood.
In her right hand a trident huge she bore
That seemed to nod o'er the surrounding shore.
" Well hast thou fought, my noblest patriot son,
In days to come for Britain's battle done,
Will live thy warrior name ; nor e'er will cease
Thy well won praise ; thy valor will increase
Of Britain's sons the warlike fire ; thy fame
Incite them as they onward to renown
And empire spring. By this great trident shown,

All round the midland sea, her mighty will
Shall give command and passions all be still."
Awoke the hero with the rosy morn ;
Nor more could heed the haughty Roman's scorn.
On speed the galleys o'er the placid wave,
Bearing their rich freight of warriors brave.
Triumphal honors greet, at happy Rome,
The warlike band returned victorious home.
Conspicuous 'mid the Roman pageant grand,
The vanquished champion of the British land,
Richly arrayed, is seen stately to move,
Lordly, as beseems, bent proudly to prove
The unconquered mind, resolved in Rome to show
Though captive, unsubdued by fated woe.
Amazed he views the palaces of Rome ;
Still more amazed that Rome his humble home
Should seek to seize. "What envy must you own?"
The hero said, " that, cruel, you put down
By robber war, a people brave, though poor,
And bid your legions spoil our lowly store ?
Sprung of a royal race, my lineage old,
Proud Romans, even, surely might have told

My honor to respect ; I might have come
 A nation's ruler, welcome to great Rome.
 Less wise, ambition spurred me fatal on,
 Till now, at length, my prosp'rous fortune's gone,
 And sad, alas ! in sore disgrace, my fate
 The glory swells of Rome's exalted state.
 Warriors and arms, great wealth and power were
 mine.

These could I all without a pang resign ?
 All men to rule you mighty Romans aim ;
 Vain you pretend that all men own your claim.
 If, unresisting, I had borne your sway,
 Your glory less, my fall unknown to-day.
 If death my doom, the deed will blot your fame ;
 Your pardon will exalt the Roman name.
 I glad would live, in brightest freedom live ;
 My war 'gainst Rome your glory to forgive."
 Then Claudius Cæsar from his gorgeous throne :
 " Generous, we give thee life ; nor life alone ;
 A boon to Briton's dear, sweet liberty
 We freely grant, at Rome thy destiny ;
 Her highest honors all thou'lt lib'ral share,

And civic rights these lofty honors bear.”
Empress Agrippina, in pomp of State,
Grandly enthroned, thus the brave Briton’s fate
Thoughtful consoles: “ Mourn not your altered lot ;
Adverse your war ; meanwhile, it leaves no blot
Your name can tarnish ; free and safe at Rome,
Cease to regret your much loved British home.
With age may die the glory of our name ;
No age can ever dim your matchless fame.”

MALCOLM AND MARGARET,

King and Queen of Scotland.

— ♦ — A POEM — ♦ —

By the Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, L. L. D., F. R. S. Read before the Royal Society of Canada, at its annual meeting, held at Ottawa, in May, 1886.

Where now the Royal Towers of Windsor stand,
An Exile long, far from his native land,
Thus mused Prince Malcolm, mourning his sad fate
That barred the way to Scotland's Royal State:
"Hard is my lot; much kindness, yet, the while,
Of Holy Edward, aids me to beguile
The weary hours; right welcome too and sweet
The happy days where 'tis my joy to meet
Margaret and Edgar. Much good to come,
I augur from their friendship when at home
I dwell once more, and wear mayhap, the crown
My Fathers wore, and justly call my own.
Rumor, busy ever, on its nimble wings,

From Scotia's land the gladsome tidings brings
Of war's success, war that has bravely waged,
The true MacDuff, who oft the force engaged,
That held enthralled, by base usurping power,
Our fair Domain, foul tyranny all o'er
Prevailing, to the loss and sad dismay
Of loyal men, the fate that could not stay
To rebel will, that gave our Scotia's state,
Changed it would haply seem, at length, though late
By a brave soldier's toil, the varying tide,
Of fickle fortune,—victory on our side.
More must I learn, Oh ! that would promptly come
Fresh, hopeful tidings from our war vexed home !"
Lo ! as he speaks, all travel soiled, appears
The brave MacDuff, much worn with many years
Of faithful toil, all for his country done,
In breathless haste, from Scotia comes he lone,
His Chief, the banished Malcolm, home to guide,
His reign legitimate the Nation's pride,
Asked how with Royal Malcolm's cause it fared,
His joyous tidings thus the Thane declared :
" All peace from White-horn to bleak Thules shore.

Our patriot host, by Edward's power increased,
 From warlike, toilsome efforts never ceased,
 Till on the battle field, in death was laid,
 The usurping force our arms so long had staid.
 Wide o'er Scotia had spread the fame,
 A charmed life Macbeth could certain claim.
 To hurt this chief beyond all power of man,
 This King to kill, none born of women can,
 " Know, then, proud Lord, your mortal foe's in sight.
 Lo ! now, at last, you're doomed to meet in fight,
 A warrior, whose days by, wonderous skill
 Began of surgeon's art, his lot, to fill
 A place of might and glory here below,
 And lay the tyrants of his country low."
 Appalled, yet hopeful, was the usurping king,
 Much his great strength could cheering comfort
 [bring,
 His num'rous host all over Dunsinane,
 Extended far, along the rugged plain.
 Undaunted there and confident he stood,
 For he had heard that until Birman wood*

*Birman wood on its way to Dunsinane.
 Each soldier bearing a tall branch loaded with foliage,
 The advancing army had the appearance of a moving forest.

Moved on to Dunsinane, would be withstood
The mighty foe. As if risen from the soil
And animate, the trees in rank and file.
Like soldier bands, his serried ranks approach ;
Now on his lines they daringly encroach.
“ What fate is this ? My tide of fortune’s low.”
Too brave a knight to shun so great a foe,
He bids the battle join, deals blow for blow.
Avails it not ; encounters he alone.
The Chief, MacDuff, ere yet the strife is done.
Like two dark clouds, with awful thunder fraught,
The warriors meet. That terrible onslaught
The battle’s end. Nor yet, of woman born
The man, who deals the stroke by which are torn
The laurels from his brow, and low in death,
Is laid the grand ambition of Macbeth.
So told the warrior Thane ; replied the King :
“ Avails it aught that you to Scotland bring
King Duncan’s heir, long to his country lost,
’Mid various trials, as if tempest tossed ?
Spoiled here and wasted in luxurious ease,
I never could the warrior people please.

Extravagant, besides, the greed of pelf
My fatal bane ; my will to seek itself
For ever bent, the warlike people's mind
Could ne'er endure a Monarch of such kind."
Thus said the Prince, dissembling. Sorely grieved
Was good MacDuff. Better he'd not believed
That serious spoke the King. In haste to leave ;
" Adieu, my Prince ; our fortunes to retrieve
Some other scion of King Duncan's line,
We needs must find, since fairly you decline,
Incompetent." It joyed the Prince to hear
Such words, so patriotic that appear,
So earnest and so true. " Only to try
Your love, still more, and your fidelity,
We false described ourself as time will show ;
And you by wise and valorous acts shall know,
Of sterner stuff made up your lawful King ;
Justice, likewise, and wisdom he will bring
The land to rule, his study to restore
Order and peace, by the usurper's power
So long o'erthrown." Rejoiced the grave MacDuff.
" Justice, wisdom, noble mind,—Praise enough

For best of kings. Prosperity we'll find :
The nation's power and glory, wise mankind
So richly prize, will all be truly ours,
Scotia triumphant 'mong the greatest powers."
The generous Edward lends an escort grand,
Resolved the Prince shall enter Scotia's land,
In power and circumstance of Royal State,
Great glory from this epoch bright to date.
The people all in joy, each road way throng,
Their long lost King to greet, as moves along
The Royal cavalcade. The journey o'er,
New honors on the much loved Prince they shower;
Churchmen with zeal, the people emulate,
And prove themselves devoted to the State,
As on the *Lia fail* he takes his place,
That Royal seat he's destined long to grace,
They twine the crown around the monarch's brow,
And festive honors all, rejoicing, show.
Now, Scotia vexed no more by civil broil,
Enjoys the sweet rewards of warlike toil.
In Anglia, meanwhile, so long the home
Of Scotland's Royal Exile, change had come ;

The mighty Norman Duke there reigned alone,
 The noble Saxons overthrown, undone.
 All England claimed, his own, the Norman Lord,
 Its court no longer shelter could afford
 The Royal Saxons: prompt they bend their way
 To Hungary afar, from foes away,
 A home to seek, where friendly kindred dwell,—
 —The house of Agatha,* that loved them well.
 Not thus ordained. Wild storms their fleet assail,
 Opposing winds and raging waves prevail,
 O'er ocean, tempest tossed, they fearful toil,
 And reach, at length, the hospitable soil
 Of Scotia dear, glad they have safely gained
 The realm where now, their friend, brave Malcom,
 [reigned.

New joy was this to Scotia's prosperous Lord,
 Still greater bliss 'twas destined to afford.
 Until this happy time in grandeur lone,
 King Malcolm wisely filled the Scottish throne.
 The King and Princess Margaret now decide
 In wedded love for ever to abide.

* Princess Agatha of Hungary, the mother of Edgar, Margaret and Christiana.

So, hand to hand, and willing heart to heart,
The holy churchman joins them ne'er to part.
As well became the pious man of prayer,
Auspicious words to utter was his care.
"May every blessing on the monarch flow!
His power and wisdom ever daily grow!
Blessed in his court and in the tented field,
May guardian spirits ever watchful shield
His Royal seat! To latest hour of time,
His children rule o'er Scotia's favored clime!"
Galore of feasting crowned the joyous time,
And sheep in hundreds, on each day, we're slain,
As round the board, our nobles flocked amain.
Nor wanted there, the generous feast to grace,
The wassail bowl, its ancient fitting place
That ever found, the welcome guests to cheer,
And oft was filled for gladdened Prince and Peer.
Of Scotia's Noble games the grand array,
Such as both skill and vigor could display,
Meet pleasure gave. No gladiator show
That oft in Rome caused patriot blood to flow,
Dared here prevail. Of old Rome's cultured state

Mayhap it proved. Ferocity and hate,
 Most men will deem, such needless deeds of blood
 More surely showed than courage and manhood
 On that Dunfermline ground, of old wide famed,
 And now Golfdrum, by modern Scotia named,
 Was played each national game that well could
 [grace

The Royal feast, where all their honored place
 Enjoyed, peasant, alike, and lordly peer,
 The only strife who should most rich appear
 In playful skill and grand athletic power ;
 'Twas who could best his pointed arrows shower
 On mimic foes, or, who could farthest throw
 The ponderous stone, or, raising high and slow
 The Scottish caber, hurl it o'er the plain,
 The crowd's loud plaudits eager each to gain.
 Some athletes in the hard contested race
 Their prowess show ; others, their name to grace,
 A game essay, to Scotia only known—
 The risky sword dance, where are ably shewn
 Skill and ability beyond compare,
 By those who in the seeming danger share.

In exercise of wrestling now engage
Some warlike chiefs, and, struggling, seem to wage
Dread war itself; meanwhile 'tis only play;
An athlete's crowned the victor in the fray.
This noble game the mightiest even try.
All o'er the crowded plain, the people's eye
Looks on intent, as Malcolm and Macduff,
Men both of strong indomitable stuff,
The playful combat seek. Of no avail
That either victory hopes. Nor shall prevail
The warrior king, nor doughty hero lord;
An equal fight their mutual powers afford.
More, even, than the nation's rousing play fights,
A bard with store of song their minds delights.
In numbers sweet he sings and wondrous rhyme,
Of deeds heroic in the olden time.
From Galgacus, the chief, who nobly gave
To Rome defeat, and Scotia free could save,
Proud independence won, the land all o'er,
From sea to sea 'gainst mighty Roman power,
To Fergus, king, of whom the lofty fate
The glory to renew of Scotia's state.

4

1

And in the Roman British Province waged
Continual war, and 'twas the direful fate
Of Christian men to bear the deadliest hate
Of Heathen Rome. Then Scotia, ever free,
And scourge of ruthless tyrants e'er to be,
Refuge and home to hapless exiles gave,
From chains and death, generous, to save
Each victim as he reached her rock bound shore,
Right glad with him to share her plenteous store.
This more her praise, Christians, as yet, were few
Her land throughout ; yet well and wise she knew
Opinion to respect ; not with the sword
Conviction force ; with philosophic word
Alone, to stay whate'er amiss was deemed.
Such way to ancient Scotia wisdom seemed.
"Truth is great," she owned, " and will prevail."
Like thought the cause of truth could much avail ;
Christ's teaching, hence, came soon to rule the mind,
And, powerful, guide the conduct of mankind.
To learned Christian Exiles much was due.
Lovingly they discoursed and showed was true
The creed they held ; the glorious light of Heaven

Repaying full the bounteous aid was given."
Moved as with a charm, by the Bard's sweet strain,
The gracious Queen bestowed a golden chain.
And, promptly round his neck 'twas graceful thrown
Most fitting gift the child of song to crown.
Now ends the feast ; and to their homes repair
The people all ; the king his royal care
With joy resumes, for well the monarch knew
No nation e'er to power and glory grew,
Deprived of rule ; to watch and legislate,
He ever deemed, became his lofty state.
The best of kings are not exempt from hate.
Such, once, at least, was good King Malcolm's fate.
Of fierce conspirators a desperate band
The royal power most daringly withstand ;
But vain their hopes, their ablest efforts vain ;
Knows well their angry passion to restrain
The wary King. Each name to him was known,
The dark and trait'rous plot completely shown.
The King and Court, on a bright summer day,
Were hastening to their hunting grounds away ;
Among the rest, the chief on whom the lot

The King to slay. To a sequestered spot
Was led the rebel lord ; well armed with swords
Both King and foe ; then spoken were these words :
“ My life, I know, you seek ; since man to man
We’re chanced, now take it, traitor, if you can.”
A suppliant mean, down on the earth lay low,
As if by lightning struck, the treach’rous foe.
“ Arise, Sir Thane, your monstrous crime’s forgiven,
Implore ye, prompt, the healing grace of heaven.”
Since Duncan, gracious king, became the prey
Of treason foul, a tyrant to obey
Was Scotia forced, and, sad, we must relate,
The nation fell from its high moral state.
Impatient grown of reason’s proper sway,
Best virtues all, were gradual swept away
By civil strife and feuds that knew no end.
’Twas earnest sought such direful ills to mend,
The Queen herself a change most longed to see,
If ’twas appointed change should ever be.
By counsel sage and reason’s powerful word
Reform would come, but never by the sword.

THE KING AND QUEEN,
IN COUNCIL WITH LANFRANC, BISHOP OF CANTER-
BURY, TURGOT, BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, AND
OTHER SAXON AND SCOTTISH PRELATES.
QUEEN MARGARET.

“Long as the usurping, Godless tyrant reigned,
The vices all and crime new victories gained..
Religion fled, and with it passed away
All traces of the glorious Sabbath day.
From worse to worse the nation sank apace,
Changing, alas ! to dark and foul disgrace
The glories of our land. Will ne’er be found
A healing salve that once again around
Scotia will spread her ancient virtue’s fame ?
Restore, at length, the honor of her name ?
Most learned Prelates, speak ye, without fear,
What in your minds shall fitting most appear
Our ills to heal, our social state restore,
And give to virtue once again its power.”
“ Well said, my Queen, your high behest to fill
Our study is ; our pastoral care and skill
Will not be spared ; the people all shall hear

Our warning voice; and holy words that cheer
 The Christian mind, this spacious land around,
 Shall oft be heard, and constant, earnest prayer
 To offer up shall be our pious care.

Against each sin that with corroding power
 So long our people's vitals could devour,
 New vices breed, fatal perpetuate
 Dark evil's reign, and sorely vex the state;
 All morals gone, to selfishness men given,
 Forsaking every one the ways of heaven."
 Thus spoke the Pastor of Saint Andrews Fane.
 Replied the Saxon Lanfranc, "Not in vain
 Your words; severe, but true; we'll toil amain,
 In Saxon land as I have often toiled,
 And the base wiles of barbarous heathens foiled,
 As by the great Augustine wisely taught,
 From Rome who came with Gospel knowledge
[fraught,
 With heavenly wisdom bright and wondrous power,
 Spread glorious truth the Saxon world all o'er.
 Longer on you have been abundant showered
 The dews of Heaven, best graces daily poured

On all your race ; eight centuries have gone
Since on your land the light of Heaven shone.
Still in your people's heart of hearts its home,
'Twill to the front once more rejoicing come,
And bless your soil traditions consecrate
Of virtue's deeds heroic, in your state,
That 'mong the nations spread your early fame,
Raising to glory's height fair Scotia's name." Hopeful the Queen, exulting in the thought
That remedies so sure were anxious sought.
Impediments there were, she fearful deemed,
That to her mind insuperable seemed.
The Bishops all were good and loyal found ;
Yet of complaint there wanted not just ground.
Their country and the state they faithful served,
From rectitude, 'twas known, they never swerved,
But this their fault, the toils of state their care,
They could not well those pious labors share.
The church required ; each Priest, a Statesman,
[Thane,
His Flock scarce knew ; this the dark ages bane.
Such state of things the wary King well knew ;

But great the Churchmen's merit 'twas his view.
"Of learning there is lack among our Thanes,
Hence needful are our Churchmen's civil pains.
If once are lost these pillars of the state,
'Tis hard to say what's doomed to be our fate."
"Too meanly," says the Queen, "do you esteem
The talents of your Thanes; to us they seem
In loyalty and wisdom to excel,
In rule to aid, wisely at once and well,
Most competent; witness your bravest Lord,
MacDuff, who could, in days gone by, afford
Of diplomatic skill undoubted proof,
Such men to hold from state affairs aloof,
Unwise, I deem, and to the Nation's loss,
Their place to fill the men who bear the cross,
Can ne'er O, King! successfully aspire,
Better they to their sacred Fanes retire,
Their flocks instruct, the glorious light diffuse
Of Gospel Truth that National life renews."
"Well argued, noble Queen, we shall essay,
As now our power's confirmed, your prudent way.
MacDuff, I ever found a Statesman good,

Nor yet a warrior less. 'Tis understood
 Our Thanes with me the toils of rule shall share,
 And leave the prelates to their Pastoral care."
 Full well, throughout the land 'twas known,
 Presbyterian almost the clergy grown,
 Unmindful of the true and old belief,
 That in the Synod Bishops are the chief.
 This claim alone, the Priests could fairly state
 Their complaints to bring and urgently debate,
 Their right enforce and, powerful, cause be given
 Redress of wrong beneath the eye heaven.
 Hence, by King and holy Council 'twas decreed,
 Synods be held, providing for the need
 The Church's pristine vigor to regain,
 And save the priesthood from all deadly stain.*
 Thus spoke the Queen "To council we are come ;
 Lanfranc, I trust, you will not leave for home,
 Until another question pass through hand,
 And on the same your mind we understand.
 Nought e'er the Church divides can I approve.
 Hence, Sects, if possible would I remove.

*See treatises on Diocesan Synods by theologians generally and in particular, that of Pope Benedict XIV.

Such are the "Keledei" to me it seems. *
 I fain would know what Canterbury deems."
 "A question fair," the Prelate makes reply;
 "We who on holy Scripture all rely,
 Must Sects condemn, for, unto all 'tis known,
 By word Divine, such, carnal works are shown.
 Eight hundred years the Church had wisely taught
 Ere came like novelties with error fraught.
 Vain they pretend, like us, to worship true.
 Erroneous are their rites because they're new,
 And not by Christ's inspired Apostles given,
 Who taught the truth as it 'twas revealed by Heaven.
 In sacred unity perfection lies;
 Who think not so, our Lord himself despise.
 That his disciples should be ever one,
 As he is and the Father, 'tis well known,
 He, earnest, prayed, his prayer unheard none dare

*The rite observed by the "Keledei" or "Culdees," in celebrating mass, and which appeared to Queen Margaret and the Bishop her biographer, strange and barbarous; must have been corrected as far as it was essentially contrary to the general practice of the Church, for the Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Kyle, a very learned antiquary, says: "We learn that the *Keledei*, *Cele de*, or *Culdees*, long after St. Margaret's days were permitted to observe, in their own Churches or Chapels a rite different from what was followed by the rest of the Scottish clergy." In this there is nothing strange. The United Greeks are in communion with the Western Church, although they observe a different rite. (Turgot's Life of St. Margaret. Translation by W. F. Leith, Edinburgh, 1884.

Ever pretend. This teaching all must share.
 And with one voice, (in Apostolic lore
 It's well decreed) humbly our God adore.
 But how the sad revolt 'twere best to quell,
 The bishops of the land may surer tell."
 "Such work by state power never can be done :
 By preaching of the living truth alone,
 The truth that's great and destined to prevail ;
 Against its light no error can avail.
 Both still and small at first its voice may seem,
 But, in the end, as all men wisely deem,
 It wins the day." Thus, spoke St. Andrew's priest ;
 Rejoiced both King and Queen ; "Not in the least
 Removed your thought from ours ; to latest time
 May Scotia hold this view, to every clime
 A beacon light, that e'er will glorious shine
 And show how persecution we decline "
 Next came the Queen's complaint :
 How ill the Scottish Sabbath day was spent.
 "The week's last day, in Jewish times of yore,
 Was duly kept, observed and honored more
 Than now the first,—that day from death arose

Our victim Lord from whom salvation flows.
 More sacred, then must seem our Sabbath day,
 Our piety and holy customs sway.
 How best the honor of the day renew,
 I glad would hear each learned churchman's view."
 "Your words wise Queen it gives me joy to hear
 Quite plain appears the question of this time :—
 —The Sabbath day's observance in your clime.
 Augustine, oft was zealous heard to preach
 This ordinance ; the same we constant teach ;
 And, Saxon land, throughout are certain known
 The duties of the sacred day we own.
 It's wonder that with you has seen decay
 The day of God, that Northern people stray
 From teachings of eight hundred years and more,
 Since first religion reached the Scottish shore.
 A custom, almost lost, would I renew ;
 But, more to urge our common truthful view
 Of Scotia's learned prelates 'tis the part,
 And press the cause with all their soul and heart."
 Thus Lanfranc spoke. The prelate of the north,
 In wise and pleasing words, his mind gave forth.

" Our evil days, long years of tyrant sway,
Much virtue of our people swept away.
Best pious usages could not withstand
The tide of ill that flooded all the land.
No effort of the priesthood could avail
To stem the torrent destined to prevail
There's dawned at length a more auspicious time,
And glories new adorn our Scotia's clime.
Each holy custom, dear to her of yore,
Will now revive, and daily, more and more,
Gain strength, and sound opinion's lofty power
Will happy reign our favored land all o'er.
The day of rest, to bless mankind that's given,
Most precious gift to man of gracious Heaven,
So long to ancient Scotia's people dear,
In pristine power and splendour will appear,
In minds of all its wonted place will gain,
From age to age to latest time, will reign.
The Queen and Monarch timely aid will lend,
The Clergy all their pious thoughts will bend
The People to instruct, from early way
Unconscious fallen, unheeding astray.

A great revival will, ere long, result,
In path of duty all men will exult,
And Scotia's Sabbath in each humble home,
A light will be to Nations yet to come."
No more to peaceful labors of the State
Could the wise Prince for a time vacate ;
War, with its hundred toils, he's forced to wage,
And war, alas ! will thoughtful minds engage.
The Norman England's People let prevail ;
'Gainst their strong voice could never force avail.
Thus Edgar thought, nor sought to win the Crown ;
Claimed he, alone, the lands of right his own.
These to restore King Malcolm lent his aid.
First 'gainst the wrong was firm remonstrance made.
Wise Statesmen to the Saxon Court were sent ;
But nought the King could move, on evil bent.
Chief of warriors, then, MacDuff, the noble Thane,
King Malcolm loved, proceeded to explain
Prince Edgar's claim ; commission large he bore ;
If still unmoved, refusing to restore,
The King was found, would certain war ensue
For Edgar's right. The wary Thane well knew

The Royal mission to fulfil and seek
The wished redress. 'Twas fit that he should speak
Fearless and firm. His boldness moved to rage
The Norman Prince: Never will he engage
One foot of earth to yield. "Go tell your king
My fixed resolve." "Such stern reply will bring
Disaster sad. For, war must I declare
In virtue of my charge. Myself will share
Honor and peril both ; my joy to dwell
On tented field and bravest foes repel,
The wrong to stay, until Prince Edgar's right
Confirmed shall be against your warlike might."
With passion dumb, the King abrupt withdrew.
Our noble Thane aye to his mission true,
To Scotland promptly sought the well known way,
His warriors all to marshal for the fray.
King William now, sad and alone we find
Thus breathing forth the workings of his mind.
"Barbarian ! Thinks he, once his hordes afield,
That England's Conqueror to the Scot will yield ?
By force of arms my lot the crown to gain.
By conquest mine, fearless will I maintain

The Royal power by war and warlike pain,
If show of right Prince Edgar e'er could claim,
From every Saxon record, with his name,
'Tis hopeless flown, and he, to exile gone.
A home may seek in the bare mountains lone.
The wide spread fields pertaining to the Crowa
We've justly seized and henceforth call our own."
To Scotland's Court the tidings swiftly spread,
Diffusing sorrow, but of war no dread.
King Malcolm thus declared his royal mind,
And nobly shewed the Monarch good and kind:
"In vain that desolating war I hate,
Its banner once again to raise my fate,
And valorously scatter, far and wide,
Those foes the myrmidons of William guide."
Nought is there seen can e'er inspire dismay.
His faithful Thanes, all burning for the pray,
Around him throng. From southern Solway's wave,
Where smiling fields so grand and proudly lave
Forth's waters dark, and Scotia's mountains tower,
Comes speeding forth his formidable power.
The warrior King his valiant troops reviews.

Each Thane his fealty to the Throne renews.
 Hope of success looms brighter and more bright,
 When, strange to tell, a cortege grand's in sight ;
 An Embassy, in royal state appears.
 For love of peace the King its message hears.
 " For terms of peace naught else do we demand,
 In just obedience to our king's command,
 Than this one reasonable boon alone,
 That Edgar you give up to England's throne."
 " What is't you say ? Ten thousand wars I'd wage
 'Gainst England's might sooner than I'd engage,
 Thus cruel and disgracefully, betray
 My trusting guest. Hasten ye hence away,
 Inform your king, 'gainst him war I declare,
 And with my Thanes will all its dangers share."
 King William thought 'twas best that he should
[slight

The daring of the Scot ; yet would he fight,
 And to a highest Thane the war confides.
 This warrior lord with skill and valor guides
 The embattled force ; his efforts all are vain ;
 No arms the power of Scotland can restrain.

Next Glouster's Thane a valorous array
 Leads to the field ; it hastens to the fray
 And bravely fights ; but doomed, ere long, to meet
 Discomfiture; disaster and defeat.

Then fiery Odo, brother of the king, [*]
 Into the field a greater force would bring.
 Whate'er to other wiser men might seem,
 This warlike Churchman's lot it was to deem
 Most militant the Church should be.
 Swayed by this creed, he left his Flock and See.
 Doffing for war the Prelate's holy gown,
 Burning with ill timed Zeal to serve the Crown.
 Donned he, then, the brave soldier's coat of mail,
 Ne'er doubting he'd in war 'gainst foes prevail.
 With lightning speed the news of this array
 King Malcolm reached. Promptly he took his way.
 The Prelate's formidable force to meet
 And with his warriors' aid inflict defeat.
 A host of Scotland's Leaders, wise and brave,

[*] Multo majores copias eo duxit Odo, Gulielmi frater, Ex Episcopo Bajocensi Cantii comes factus. Quem cum late Northumbriam populatus fuisset, ac caesis nonnullis qui populatione eum prohibere nitebantur, redeuntem cum ingenti praeda Milcolumbus et Sibardus (Northumbriae Comes) adorti, spoliis exuerunt, multis de ejus exercitu intere mptis et captis.

The King attending, hope of victory gave.
Of warriors Chief, MacDuff, and many Thanes
Of high degree come forth, the toil and pains
Of glorious war to share. Great Banquo's heir
Walter, the wise and good, his part must bear
In the great strife, new and high honors gain
Whilst Edgar's cause he labors to maintain.
Northumbria's Thane, alike, is in the field,
Bent bravely for his liege the sword to wield.
Meanwhile, before this force can meet the foe,
Priest Odo's barb'rous troops spread fear and woe
The land throughout,—Northumbria's fertile land.
Each town to loot, a plund'ring robber band
Hostile proceeds, and merciless bears away
The people's stores, spreading all round, dismay.
Better they'd have reserved their warlike power
The tide of war to stem, for now the hour
Is nigh when Scotland's manifold array
They must encounter, and, like men, display
More soldier virtue than, as yet, they've shown,
Wasting rich fields with wreck and ruin strewn.
Comes now the battle's shock ; forward now sways

And back each mighty host. All warlike ways
Stoutly tries each side ; might 'gainst equal might
Ineffectual toils, doubtful still the fight.
Recoils, at length, the valiant Norman power.
Press on the Scots, and clouds of missiles shower
On the retreating foe, now driven to flight
And sad discomfiture. In the hard fight
Normans in thousands fall to rise no more
And claim a portion of their ill-got store.
His plunder all the beaten foeman yields
He'd gathered in Northumbria's wasted fields.
One feeble effort more ere yet be done
King William's war. Proceeds his first born son
The Scot to beard. His prowess naught avails ;
The Northern Monarch still in war prevails.
The proud Norman, foiled in the battle field,
Resolves, at length, reluctantly, to yield.
Prince Edgar's lands he will in full restore,
The Prince himself to hold he'll seek no more,
But into favor take, and next the throne
His place assign, the King himself, alone,
In more exalted state. Thus peace is found ;

Foul barb'rous war no more 'gainst Scotland's
[ground.

The captive Normans all are generous freed,
Save only one. The Prelate, 'twas agreed,
In bonds should stay, till he his state retrieve
And Holy Church less militant believe.
Of Malcolm now, it was the Royal care
His captains all, who in the war had share,
With lands and martial honors to reward.
Claims, first, Chief Thane, MacDuff, the King's
[regard.

Those titles new, the old that well replace, (*)
Are liberal conferred, which best may grace
The victors of the field. To Ducal state
Is raised MacDuff, and honors like await
Heroic Walter, Thane who bravely fought
Those rebels of the North who rashly sought
The King to overthrow. No longer name
Of Thane he'll bear. As Steward now his fame
Will spread,—high Steward of the Scottish land.

(*) A nonnullis primus creditur nova et peregrina nomina, quibus bonorum gradus distinguuntur, a vicinis accepta. nec minus barbara quam erant priora, introduxisse, Duces, Marchiones Comites, Barones, Ridaros sive Equites. [Buchanan: Rer. Scot. lib. VII; 14.]

Abthane, or chief of Thaness, we understand,
 The title was. As Stewart it will shine
 For ages long, in Banquo's honored line. (*)
 When on the field, at the great battle's close,
 King Malcolm and his soldiers sought repose,
 A vision bright to the wise king was given.
 Edward, the Saint, from his abode in Heaven,
 Descends, and thus accosts the victor King :
 " Good tidings to my valiant son I bring.
 Thou, for my children's cause hast nobly fought
 Great battles, and their freedom dearly bought
 With warlike toil. Hence, thus shall ever stand
 Thy recompense. O'er Scotia's happy land.
 Thou long wilt reign ; and when thy days decline,
 From age to age, in an unbroken line, †
 Thy sons will rule ; and Scotland, ever free,

(*) Vaiterus, cæso tumultus duce, ita ceteram multitudinem compressit, ut rex eum reversum, ob rem bene gestam, Stuartum totius Scotiæ fecerit, quasi dicas Oeconomum. Hic magistratus census omnes regiones colligit ; jurisdictionem etiam, qualem conventuum præfectorum habet, ac prorsus idem est cum eo quem priores Thanum appellabant. Atque nunc sermone Anglici patrium superante, regionum Thani plerisque in locis Stuarti vocantur ; et qui illis erat Abthanus, nunc Stuartus Scotiæ nominatur. Pandis in locis vetus Thani nomen adhuc Manet. Ab hoc Vaitero cepit initium Stuarterum familiæ, quæ jam diu apud Scotos rerum potitur. [Buchanan ; lib. VII. 19.]

† Malcolm and Margaret enjoyed a long and prosperous reign of six and thirty years,—from A. D. 1057 to 1093,

Thy name will praise in peace and liberty." *
 So spoke the Saint, nor waited for reply,
 But sought anew the glories of the sky.
 The warlike Prelate wearying for his home,
 Besought the influence of powerful Rome.
 At length, the Holy Father sent this word :
 " A proof of duty, pious, you'll afford,
 Our mind to glad ; from bonds release our Son."
 The King gave this reply, and this alone :
 To Rome he sent the Prelate's coat of mail,
 With words that could not but at Rome prevail :
 " Judge, Father, whether this thy Son's coat be ;
 If so you think, we'll surely set him free."

*Scotland was governed for the space of 200 years by seven excellent Kings, that is by their three sons, Edgar, Alexander. David, by David's two grandsons, Malcolm IV and William, and William's son and grandson, Alexander II and Alexander III, during which time the nation enjoyed greater happiness than perhaps it ever did before or after.

See histories of Scotland.

